

Rich. Andrews THE

Indian Emperor,

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF

MEXICO

BY THE

SPANIARDS

Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

The Third Edition.

*Dum relego scripsisse pudeo, quia plurima cerno
Me quoque, qui feci, judico, digna lini. Ovid.*

LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor* in the
Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1670.

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OR
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SPANIARDS.

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By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

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Non reges scripsit, sed et plures erant
Me reges, qui scripsit, dignus Ovid.

LONDON,

Printed for M. HARRINGTON, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the
Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1670.

To the most Excellent, and most Illustrious
Princess ANNE Dutchess of Monmouth,
and Bucclugh, Wife to the most Illustrious
and High-born Prince, James Duke of
Monmouth.

May it please your Grace,

THe favour which Heroick Plays have lately
found upon our Theatres, has been wholly de-
riv'd to them from the countenance and appro-
bation they have received at Court. The most
eminent Persons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle
having so far owned them, that they have judg'd no way
so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express
a noble passion. And amongst the rest which have been writ-
ten in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem,
as to allow it no inconsiderable place. Since, therefore, to the
Court, I owe its fortune on the Stage; so being now more
publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your
Graces Protection, who, by all knowing Persons are esteem'd
a Principal Ornament of the Court. But though the rank
which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes
of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodness only could
detain and fix them. High Objects may attract the sight;
but it looks up with pain on craggy Rocks and Barren
Mountains, and continues not intent on any object, which is
wanting in shades and greens to entertain it. Beauty, in
Courts, is so necessary to the young, that those who are with-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and it, seem to be there to no other purpose than to wait on the triumphs of the fair; to attend their motions in obscurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by day: or, at best, to be the refuge of those hearts which others have despis'd; and by the unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable comfort. But as needful as Beauty is, Virtue, and Honour are yet more: the Reign of it without their support is unsafe and short like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty wastes it; and when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as short continuance, as the after-Spring, when the Sun is going farther from us. This Madam, is its ordinary Fate, but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preserv'd by being mixt and embodied with others of their own nature, then your Graces would be immortal since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your Noble Land, in masculine Beauty, and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of Mankind, you need only to be seen together: we are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, in which Poets love to dwell, I must be forc'd to quit it as a private praise since you have deserv'd those which are more publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are
Virtues

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Virtues which concern Mankind: and, by a certain kind of interest, all people agree in their commendation, because the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your inclination to do good, that you stay not to be ask'd; which is an approach so nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a greater. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testify this Virtue by my own experience; Since I have so great an aversion from soliciting Court Favour, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without desert. But I beg your Graces pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty to my self, which the sequel of this Discourse will no way justify. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an acknowledgement, which stands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, than it is accounted bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a Child on some wealthy Friend, who can give it better Education. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forc'd to send some of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, because I have landed him on an Hospitable shore. Under your Patronage, Montezuma hopes he is more safe than in his Native Indies; and therefore comes to throw himself at your Graces feet, paying that homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the violence of his Conquerors. He begs only, that when he shall relate his sufferings, you will consider he is an Indian Prince, and not expect any other Eloquence from his simplicity, than that with which his griefs have furnished him. His story is, perhaps,

the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the greatest which was ever represented in a Poem of this nature; (the action of it including the Discovery and Conquest of a new World.) In it I have neither wholly followed the truth of the History, nor altogether left it: but have taken all the liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the beautifying of my Work; It being not the business of a Poet to represent Historical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Graces Mercy. 'Tis an irregular piece, if compar'd with many of Corneilles, and, if I may make a judgement of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it represents the mind and intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice.

MADAM,

October 12.

1667.

Your Graces most Obedient,

and most obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Connexion of the *Indian* Emperor to the *Indian* Queen.

THe Conclusion of the *Indian* Queen, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on it, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.* *Montezuma* and *Oraxia*) thereupon the Author of this thought it necessary to produce new persons from those two and considering that the late *Indian* Queen before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; he has rais'd from them a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Oraxia* two Sons and a Daughter, all now supposed to be grown up to Men and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Oraxia* (for whom their was no further use in the Story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince, in whose time happen'd the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the Conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who joining with the *Traxallan* Indians, the inveterate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the Story, nor varied from it, and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customs: The Shipping, Armor, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Christians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

The Names of the Persons represented.

Indians,	{ <i>Montezuma</i> , Emperor of <i>Mexico</i> .
	{ <i>Odmar</i> , his eldest Son.
Men,	{ <i>Guyomar</i> , his younger Son.
	{ <i>Orbellan</i> , Son to the late <i>Indian</i> Queen, by <i>Traxalla</i> .
	{ High Priest of the Sun.
	{ <i>Cydaria</i> , <i>Montezuma</i> 's Daughter.
Women,	{ <i>Almaria</i> , { Sisters and Daughter to the late <i>Indian</i> Queen.
	{ <i>Alibech</i> , }
	{ <i>Cortez</i> , the <i>Spanish</i> General.
Spaniards.	{ <i>Vasquez</i> , } Commanders under him.
	{ <i>Pizarro</i> , }

The Scene, *MEXICO*, and two Leagues about it.

Prologue.

A Mighty Critiques! whom our Indians here
Worship, just as they do the Deut. for fear.
In reverence to your pow'r I come this day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same,
We wore last year, before the Spaniards came.
Now if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed
From this poor Play, be all upon your head.
We neither promise you one Dance or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But your kind Wits, will those light faults excuse,
Those are the common frailties of the Muse;
Which who observes, he buys his place too dear:
For 'tis your business to be censur'd here.
These wretched spies of wit must then confess
They take more pains to please themselves the less.
Grant us such Fudges, Phoebus we request,
As still mistake themselves into a jest;
Such easy Fudges, that our Poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his Play,
And arrogantly as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would joyn to help him out.
Would each man take, but what he understands,
And leave the rest upon the Poets hands.

Indian Emperor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene is laid in the Indian Country.

Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards.

Cort. ON what new happy Change are we thrown,
So long kept secret, and so lately known,
As if our old World were withdrawn.

And here, in private, had brought this to the ground.

Vasq. Corn, Wine, and Oil, and all the good
In which our Country is so richly bound.

As if this Infant world, yet unborn,
Naked and bare, in Nature's lap were laid.

No useful Arts have yet found footing here,
But all untaught and savage does appear.

Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for fashions differing from our own:

For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

Piz. In Spain our Springs like old Mens Children, be
Decay'd and wither'd from their infancy:

No kindly showers fall on our barren Earth,
To hatch the season in a timely birth.

Our Summer such a Ruffet Livery wears,
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.

Cort. Here Nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,
Breaths on the Air, and broods upon the ground.
Here days and nights the only seasons be,
The Sun no Climate does so gladly see:
When forc'd from hence, to view our parts, he mourns;
Takes little journeys, and makes quick returns.

Vasq. Methinks we walk in dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Oar lies mixt with common Sand;
Each downfal of a Flood the Mountains pour,
From their rich bowels rowls a Silver shower.

Cort. Heaven from all ages wisely did provide
This wealth, and for the bravest Nation hide.
Who with four hundred Foot and forty Horse,
Dare boldly go, a New-found World to force.

Pix. Our Men, though valiant, we should find too few,
But *Indians* joyn the *Indians* to subdue.
Taxallan, shook by *Moteczuma's* power,
Has, to resist his forces, call'd in ours.

Vasq. Rashly to arm against so great a King,
I hold not safe, nor is it just to bring
A War, without a fair Defiance made.

Pix. Declare we first our quarrel: then invade.

Cort. My self, my Kings Ambassador, will go:
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?

Ind. Your Eyes can scarce so far a Prospect make,
As to discern the City on the Lake.

But that broad Cause-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by noon of day.

Cort. Command a party of our *Indians* out,
With a strict charge, not to engage, but scout;
By noble ways we Conquest will prepare,
First offer Peace, and that refus'd, make War.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A temple, and the High Priest with other Priests.

To them an Indian.

Ind. Haste Holy Priest, it is the King's command,

High Pr. When sets he forward?

Ind. — He is near at hand.

High Pr. The Incense is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already past.

Five hundred Captives saw the rising Sun.

Who lost their light ere half his Race was run:

That which remains we here must celebrate;

Where far from noise, without the City Gate,

The peaceful power that governs Love repairs,

To feast upon soft Vows and silent Prayers.

We for his Royal Presence only stay,

To end the Rites of this so solemn day.

Exit Indian

*Enter Montezuma, his eldest Son Odmar, his
Daughter Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Or-
bellan, and Train, they place themselves.*

High Pr. On your birth-day, while we sing,

To our Gods and to our King,

Her, among this beauteous quire,

Whose perfections you admire,

Her, who fairest does appear,

Crown the Queen of all the year.

Of the year and of the day,

And at her Feet your Garland lay.

Odm. My Father this way does his looks direct,
Heaven grant he give it not where I suspect.

*Montezuma rises, goes about the Ladies, and at
length stays at Almeria and bows.*

Mont. Since my *Onaxia's* death I have not seen
A Beauty so deserving to be Queen.
As fair *Almeria*.

Alme

(47)
Alm. ——— Sure he will not know
My Birth I to that injur'd Princess owe
To whom not only he his love deny'd,
But in her suit 'rings took unmanly pride.

*To her Brother
and Sisters aside.*

Alib. Since Montezuma will his choice renew,
In dead *Orazia's* room electing you.

'Twill please our Mothers Ghost, that you succeed
To all the Glories of her Rivals bed.

Alm. If news be carried to the shades below,
The Indian Queen will be more pleas'd to know
That I his scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay;
Orb. Would you could give her some more noble way.

Mont. Madam, this posture is for Heaven design'd,
And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.
Alm. Heaven may be kind, the Gods unkind;
And crimes below cost little to forgive.
By thee, inhumane, both by Parents' side,
One by thy Sword, the other by thy pride.

Mont. My haughty mind no face could ever bow,
Yet I must stoop to one who seems me now:
Is there no pity to my sufferings due?

Alm. As much as what my Mother found from you.

Mont. Your Mothers wrongs a recompense shall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughters Feet.

Alm. He, who does now my least Commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my power away.

Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Father break?
Is Love so pow'rful, or his Soul so weak?
I'll fright her from it: Madam, though you see
The King is kind, I hope your modesty
Will know what distance to the Crown is due.

Alm. Distance and Modesty prescribed by you?

Odm. Almeria dares not think such thoughts as these.

Alm. She dares both think and do what thoughts she please.
'Tis much below me on his Throne to sit;
But when I do, you shall petition it.

Odm.

Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten Mother's sake.

Mont. When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let streams prescribe their Fountains where to run.

Odm. In all I urge, I keep my duty still,
Nor rule your Reason, but instruct your Will.

Mont. Small use of Reason in that Prince is shown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

*Almeria to Orbellan and Alibech, who are
this while whispering to her.*

Alm. No, he shall ever love, and always be
The subject of my scorn and cruelty.

Orb. To prove the lasting torment of his life,
You must not be his Mistress, but his Wife.
Few know what rare an Husband's peace destroys.
His real griefs, and his dissembled joys.

Alm. What mark of pleasing vengeance could be shown,
If I to break his quiet lose my own?

Orb. A Brothers life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria's* Eyes:
How can her Father to my hopes be kind
If in your heart he no example find?

Alm. To save your life I'll suffer any thing,
Yet I'll not flatter this tempestuous King;
But work his stubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'll force him to obey.

I take this Garland, not as given by you, *To Montez.*
But as my merit, and my brambles due.
As for the Crown that you, my slave, possess,
To share it with you, would but make me less.

Enter Guyomar hastily.

Odm. My Brother *Guyomar*? methinks I spy
Haste in his steps, and wonder in his Eye.

Mont. I sent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The cause of thy return, are all things well?

Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmost limits of the Land:

To

To that Sea-shore where no more world is found,
 But foaming Billows breaking on the ground;
 Where, for a while, my Eyes no object met
 But distant Skies that in the Ocean set:
 And low-hung Clouds that dip themselves in Rain
 To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
 At last, as far as I could cast my Eyes
 Upon the Sea, somewhat, methought, did rise
 Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
 Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore.

Mont. What forms did these new wonders represent?

Guy. More strange than what your wonder can invent.
 The object I could first distinctly view

Was tall straight Trees which on the Waters flew,
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:
 And at their roots grew floating Palaces,
 Whose out-bow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Mont. What Divine Monsters, O ye gods, are these
 That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas?
 Came they alive or dead upon the shore?

Guy. Alas, they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar:
 All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,
 I saw their words break out in fire and smok.
 Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
 Or these the younger Brothers of the Sky.
 Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,
 No mortal courage can support the sight.

High Pr. Old Prophecies foretell our fall at hand,
 When bearded Men in floating Castles land,
 I fear it is of dire portent.

Mont. — Go see
 What it foreshows, and what the gods decree.
 Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain;
Odmar, of all this presence does contain,
 Give her your wreath whom you esteem most fair.
Odin. Above the rest I judge one Beauty rare

And

And may that Beauty prove so kind to me
As I am sure fair *Alibech* is she.

*He gives Alibech
the wreath.*

Adm. You *Guyomar* must next perform your part.

Guy. I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:
My Brother's pardon I must first implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

Adm. That all should *Alibech* adore 'tis true,
But some respect is to my Birth-right due.
My claim to her by Eldership I prove.

Guy. Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

Adm. I long have staid for this Solemnity,
To make my passion publick.

Guy. ——— So have I.

Adm. But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,
My heart receiv'd the wounds which first she gave:
I watcht the early glories of her Eyes,

As Men for day-break watch the Eastern Skies.

Guy. It seems my Soul then mov'd the quicker pace,
Yours first set out, mine reach'd her in the race.

Mont. *Odm.* your choice I cannot disapprove;
Nor justly *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,
And let her Sentence finish your dispute.

Alib. You think me, Sir, a Mistress quickly won,
So soon to finish what is scarce begun:

In this surprize I can no judgement make:

'Tis answering Riddles ere I'm well awake:

If you oblige me suddenly to chuse,

The choice is made, for I must both refuse.

For to my self I owe this due regard

Not to make Love my gift, but my reward;

Time best will shew whose services will last.

Odm. Then judge my future service by my past:
What I shall be by what I was, you know.

That Love took deepest root which first did grow.

Guy. That Love which first was set will first decay,
Mine of a fresher date will longer stay.

Odm. Still you forget my Birth.

C

Guy.

Guy ——— But you, I fear,
Take care still to refresh my memory.

Mont. My Son, let your unteemly discord cease;
If not in friendship, live at least in peace.

Orbellan, where you love bestow your wreath,

Son *Orb.* My Love, I dare even in whispers breath,

Mont. A vertuous Love may venture any thing,

Orb. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.

Mont. Whither is all my former fury gone?
Once more I have *Traxalla's* Chains put on,

And by his Children am in triumph led,

Too well the living have reveng'd the dead.

Alm. You think my Brother born your Enemy
He's of *Taxalla's* Blood, and so am I.

Mont. In vain I strive,
My Lyon-heart is with Loves rods beset,

Struggling, I fall still deeper in the Net.

Cydaria your new Lover's Garland take,

And use him kindly for your Father's sake.

Cyd. So strong a hatred does my nature sway,
That spight of Duty I must disobey.

Besides, you warn'd me still of loving two,

Can I love him already loving you?

Enter a Guard hastily.

Mont. You look amaz'd, as if some suddain fear
Had seiz'd your hearts, is any danger near?

1 Guard. Behind the covert where this Temple stands,
Thick as the shades, there issue swarming bands

Of ambush'd Men, whom by their Arms and Drefs,

To be *Taxcellan* Enemies I guess.

Another Enters.

2 Guard. The Temple Sir, is almost compass'd round.

Mont. Some speedy way for passage must be found.

Make to the City by the Postern Gate,

I'll either force my Victory, or Fate;

A glorious death in Arms I'd rather prove,

Than stay to perish tamely by my Love.

Exit

An Alarm within, Enter Montezuma, Odmaz, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, as pursued by Taxallans.

Mont. No succor from the Town?

Odm. ——— None; none is nigh.

Guy. We are inclos'd, and must resolve to dye.

Mont. Fight for revenge, now hope of life is past,
But one stroke more, and that will be my last.

Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, to the Taxallans, Cortez, says them, just falling on.

Cort. Contemn'd? my orders broke even in my sight?
Did I not strictly charge you should not fight?

Ind. Your choller, General, does unjustly rise,
To see your Friends pursue your Enemies,
The greatest and most cruel foes we have
Are these whom you would ignorantly save,
By ambush'd Men, behind their Temple hid,
We have the King of Mexico betray'd.

Cort. Where banish'd Vertue, wilt thou shew thy face
If treachery infects thy Indian race?
Dismiss your rage, and lay your weapons by,
Know I protect them, and they shall not dye.

Ind. O wond'rous mercy shown to foes distress!

Cort. Call them not so, when once with odds oppress'd,
Nor are they Foes my clemency defends,
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends;
Draw up our Spaniards by themselves, then fire
Our Guns on all who do not straight retire.

Ind. O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall,
Before thy roaring gods destroy us all;
See we retreat without the least reply,
Keep thy gods silent, if they speak we dye.

Mont. The fierce Taxallans lay their weapons down,
Some miracle in our relief is shown.

Guy. These bearded Men, in hope and colour be
Like those I saw come floating on the Sea. (Mont. kneels to Cort.)

Mont. Patron of Mexico, and god of Wars;
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars.

Cor. Great Monarch, your Devotion you misplace.

Mont. Thy Actions shew thee born of Heavenly Race.

If then thou art that cruel god, whose Eyes

Delight in Blood, and Humane Sacrifice,

Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,

And feed thy Nostriks with hot reeking gore;

Or if that mild and gentle god thou be,

Whodost Mankind below with pity see

With breath of Incense I will glad thy Heart;

But if like us, of mortal feed thou art,

Present of rarest Fowls and Fruits I'll bring

And in my Realm thou shalt be more than King.

Cor. Monarch of Empires, and deserving more

Than the Sun sees upon your Western shore;

Like you a Man, and hither led by Fame,

Not by constraint but by my choice I came;

Ambassador of Peace, if Peace you chuse,

Or Herald of a War if you refuse.

Mont. Whence or from whom dost thou these offers bring?

Cor. From Charles the Fifth, the Worlds most potent King.

Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,

For to this hour I never heard his name:

The two great Empires of the World I know,

That of Peru, and this of Mexico;

And since the Earth none larger does afford,

This Charles is some poor Tributary Lord.

Cor. You speak of that small part of Earth you know,

But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,

And watry Deserts of so vast extent,

That passing higher, four full Moons we spent.

Mont. But say, what news, what offers dost thou bring

From so remote, and so unknown a King?

Vasq. Spain's mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven

That all the Nations of the Earth submit,

In gracious clemency does condescend

On these conditions to become your Friend.

While Vasq. speaks
Cor. spies the Lady
and goes to them, en-
tertaining Cydaria
with Courtship in
dumb show.

First

First, that of him you shall your Scepter hold,
Next, you present him with your useless Gold;
Last, that you leave those Idols you adore,
And one true Deity with Pray'r implore.

Mont. You speak your Prince a mighty Emperor,
But his demands have spoke him Proud and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter sits,
Yet poorly begs a Metal I despise.
Gold thou mayst take, whatever thou canst find,
Save what for Sacred uses is design'd:

But, by what right pretends your King to be
This Sovereign Lord of all the World, and me?

Piz. The Sovereign Priest,
Who represents on Earth, the pow'r of Heaven;
Has this your Empire to your Monarch given.

Mont. Ill does he represent the Powers above,
Who nourishes debate, not Preaches Love;
Besides, what greater folly can be shown?
He gives another what is not his own.

Vasq. His pow'r must needs unquestion'd be below,
For he in Heaven an Empire can bestow.

Mont. Empires in Heaven he with more ease may give,
And you perhaps would with less thanks receive;
But Heaven has need of no such Vice-roy here,
It self bestows the Crown that Monarchs wear:

Piz. You wrong his power as you mistake our end,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

Mont. He who Religion truly understands
Knows its extent must be in Men, not Lands.

Odin. But who are those that Truth must propagate
Within the confines of my Father's state?

Vasq. Religious Men, who hither must be sent
As awful guides of Heavenly Government;
To teach you Penance, Fasts, and Abstinence,
To punish Bodies for the Souls offence.

Mont. Cheaply you sin, and punish crimes with ease,
Not as th' offended, but th' offenders please.

First

(17)
First injure Heaven, and when its wrath is due,
Your selves prescribe it how to punish you.

Odin. What numbers of these Holy Men must come?

Pic. You shall not want, each Village shall have some;
Who, though the Royal Dignity they own,
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

Guy. Depend on none? you treat them sure in state,
For 'tis their plenty does their pride create.

Mont. Those Ghostly Kings would parcel out my power,
And all the fatness of my Land devour;
That Monarch sits not safely on his Throne,
Who suffers any power to shock his own.
They teach obedience to Imperial sway,
But think it sin if they themselves obey.

Vasq. It seems then our Religion you accuse,
And peaceful homage to our King refuse.

Mont. Your gods I slight not, but will keep my own,
My Crown is absolute, and holds of none;
I cannot in a base subjection live,
Not suffer you to take, though I would give.

Cort. Is this your answer, Sir?

Mont. ——— This as a Prince,
Bound to my People and my Crown's defence,
I must return, but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from death, all gratitude is due.

Cort. Honour requir'd that AG, ev'n from a Fo'e,
But what I did were I again to do,
That Reason which inclin'd my Will before,
Would urge it now, for Love has fir'd me more.
Is noway left that we may yet agree,
Must I have War, yet have no Enemy?

Vasq. He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.

Mont. Since we must fight, hear Heaven, what Prayers I make,
First to preserve this antient State and me,
But if your doom the fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has such Honour shown,
When I am Dust, may fill my empty Throne.

Cort.

Cort. To make me happier than that which can do,
Lies not in all your goods to give, but you love I bid
Let this fair Princess but one minute stay,
A look from her will your obligations pay.

*Exeunt Moorana, Omar, Guyomar, Orbellan,
Almeria, and Anbrech.*

Mont. to Cyd. Your Duty in your quick return be shown,
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. *To the Guard*
Cydaria is going, but turns and looks back upon Cortez,
who is looking on her all this while.

Cyd. My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have something lost or left behind.

Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her beauty gaze till I am blind. *Aside.*

Cyd. Thick breath, quick pulse, and heaving of my heart,
All signs of some unwonted change appear:
I find my self unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.

Stranger you raise such storm within my breast,
That when I go, if I must go again:
I'll tell my Father you have rob'd my rest,
And to him of your injuries complain.

Cort. Unknown, I swear these wrongs were which I thought
But my complaints will much more just appear,
Who from another World my freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have lost it here.

Cyd. Where is that other World from whence you came?
Cort. Beyond the Ocean far from hence it lies.

Cyd. Your other World is far, when the same
That Souls must go to when the Body dies.
But what's the cause that keeps you here with me?

That I may know what keeps me here with you.
Cort. Mine is a love which must be perpetual;
If you can be so just as I am true.

Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.
Cyd. So great a wonder for so small a thing.

Orb. He has commanded you to have your will,
Cyd. Has he not sent to bring the stranger too?

Orb. If he to morrow dies in fight, I'll be his death.
His high-plac'd Love, perhaps may cost him dear.
Cort. That word was never spoke to *Spain*.
 But forfeited his Life who gave him it.
 Halts quickly with thy pledge of safety hence,
 Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.

Cyd. Sure in some fatal hour my Love was born,
 So soon o'cast with absence in the morn.
 Turn hence those pointed glories of your Eyes,
 For if more charms within those Circles rise,
 So weak my Vertue, they so strong appear,
 I shall turn ravisher to keep you here.

ACT II.

SCENE, The Magicians Cave.

Enter Montezuma, High Priest.

Mont. Not that I fear the utmost Fate can do,
 Come I th' event of doubtful War to know;
 For Life and Death, we things indifferent,
 Each to be chose as either brings content,
 My search does from a nobler Motive spring;
 Love rules my heart, and in your Monarch King
 I more desire to know his mind,
 Then all that Heaven has for my state designed.
High Pr. By powerful Charms which nothing can withstand,
 I'll force the gods to tell what you demand.

Charm.
 Thou Moon, that aid'st us with thy Magick might,
 And ye small Stars, the scattered seeds of light,
 Draw your pale beams into this gloomy place,
 That the sad powers of the Infernal race
 May read above what's hid from Human Eyes,
 And in your Walks, see Empires fall and rise.

And ye immortal Souls, who once were Men,
 And now resolv'd to Elements agen,
 Who wait for mortal frames in depths below,
 And did before what we are doom'd to do;
 Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred wand,
 Ascend, ascend, ascend at my command.

An Earthy Spirit rises.

Spir. In vain, O mortal Men your Prayers implore
 The aid of powers below, which want it more:
 A God more strong, who all the gods commands,
 Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
 The Air swarms thick with wandring Deities,
 Which drowsily like humming Beetles rise
 From their lov'd Earth, where peacefully they slept,
 And far from Heaven a long possession kept.
 The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,
 Now into Plains, with prick'd up Ears take flight;
 And scudding thence, while they their horn-feet ply
 About their Sires the little *Silvans* cry.
 A Nation loving Gold, must rule this place,
 Our Temples ruine, and our Rites deface:
 To them, O King, is thy lost Scepter given,
 Now mourn thy fatal search, for since wise Heaven
 More ill than good, to Mortals does dispense,
 It is not safe to have too quick a sense.

Descends.

Mont. Mourn they, who think repining can remove
 The firm Decrees of those who rule above,
 The brave are safe within, who still dare dye,
 When e're I fall I'll scorn my destiny.
 Doom as they please my Empire not to stand,
 I'll grasp my Scepter with my dying hand.

High Pr. Those Earthy Spirits black and envious are,
 I'll call up other gods of form more fair:
 Who visions dress in pleasing Colours still,
 Set all the good to show, and hide the ill.
Kalib, ascend, my fair-spoke servant rise,
 And sooth my Heart with pleasing Prophecies.

D

Kalib.

*Kalib ascends all in white in the shape
of a Woman, and sings.*

*Kalib. I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
Where many days did lower.
When to one happy hour
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State;
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel Foes shall be;
Then shall thy Land be free,
And thou in Peace shalt Reign:*

*But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd, will never come again.*

*Mont. I shall deserve my Fate if I refuse
That happy hour which Heaven allots, to use;
But of my Crown thou too much care dost take,
That which I value more, my Love's at stake.*

*High Pr. Arise ye subtle Spirits that can spy,
When Love is enter'd in a Femals eye;*

*You that can read in the midst of doubt,
And in the midst of frowns can find it out;
You that can search those many corner'd minds,
Where Womans crooked fancy, turns, and winds;
You that can Love explore, and truth impart,
Where both lye deepest hid in Womans heart,*

Arise

*— The Ghosts of Traxalla and Acacis arise,
they stand still and point at Montez.*

*High Pr. I did not for these Ghastly Visions send,
Their suddain coming does some ill portend:
Begon, — begon, — they will not disappear,
My Soul is seiz'd with an unusual fear.*

*Mont. Point on, point on, and see whom you can fright,
Shame and Confusion seize these shades of night;
Ye thin and empty forms am I your sport?*

If you were flesh —

You know you durst not use me in this sort.

*The Ghost of the Indian Queen rises betwixt
the Ghosts, with a Dagger in her Breast.*

Mont. Ha!

I feel

I feel my Hair grow stiff, my Eye-balls rowl,
This is the only form could shake my Soul.

Ghost. The hopes of thy successful Love resign,
Know Montezuma, thou art only mine;
For those who here on Earth their passion show,
By death for Love, receive their right below.
Why dost thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life such Charms!
The Moon grows sickly at the sight of day,

And early Cocks have summon'd me away:
Yet I'll appoint a meeting-place below
For there fierce winds o're dusky Vallies blow

Whose every puff bears empty shades away,
Which guideless in those dark Dominions stray,
Just at the entrance of the Fields below

Thou shalt behold a tall black poplar grow,
Safe in its hollow Trunk I will attend,
And seize thy Spirit when thou dost descend.

Descends.

Mont. I'll seize thee there, thou Messenger of Fate:
Would my short Life had yet a shorter date!

I'm weary of this flesh which holds us here,
And dastards manly Souls with hope and fear;
These heats and colds still in our Breasts make War,
Agues and Feavers all our passions are.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Cydaria and Alibech, betwixt the two Armies.

Alib. Blessings will Crown your Name if you prevent
That Bloud, which in this Battel will be spent;
Nor need you fear so just a suite to move,
Which both becomes your Duty and your Love,

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your power to understand,
Lovers take wing upon the least Command;

Already he is here.

Enter Cortez and Vasquez to them.

Cort. Methinks like two black Storms on either hand,
Our *Spanish* Army, and your *Indians* stand;
This only space betwixt the Clouds is clear,
Where you, like day, broke loose from both appear.

Cyd. Those closing Skies might still continue bright,
But who can help it, if you'll make it night?
The gods have given you power of Life and Death,
Like them to save or ruine with a breath.

Cort. That pow'r they to your Father did dispose,
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.

Alib. Injurious strength would Rapine still excuse,
By off'ring terms, the weaker must refuse,
And such as these, your hard conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

Cort. If for my self, to conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions justly blame:
Now I am sent, and am not to dispute
My Princes Orders, but to execute.

Alib. He who his Prince so blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Vertue throws away,

Cort. Monarchs may erre, but should each private Brest
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best.

Cyd. Then all your care is for your Prince I see,
Your truth to him out-weighs your Love to me;
You may so cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that, pretend to love,

Cort. Command my Life, and I will soon obey,
To save my Honour, I my Blood will pay.

Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love controul?

Cort. A raging fit of vertue in the Soul;
A painful burden which great minds must bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and possess'd with fear.

Cyd. Lay down that burden if it painful grow,
You'll find without it, Love will lighter go.

Cort. Honour once lost is never to be found.

Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both passions crown'd:
First dye his Honour in a purple Flood,
Then court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

Cort.

(19)
Cort. The edge of War I'll from the Battle take,
And spare her Father's Subjects for her sake.

Cyd. I cannot love you less when I'm refus'd,
But I can dye to be unkindly us'd;
Where shall a Maids distracted Heart find rest,
If she can miss it in her Lovers Breast?

Cort. I till to morrow will the fight delay,
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.

Alib. This grant destroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;
Our Women in the foremost ranks appear,
March to the Fight and meet your Mistress there:
Into the thickest Squadrons she must run,
Kill her, and see what Honour will be won.

Cyd. I must be in the Battel, but I'll go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal strife,
For fear its point should reach your Noble Life.

[Enter Pizarro.]

Cort. No more, your kindness wounds me to the death,
Honour be gone, what art thou but a breath?
I'll live, proud of my infamy and shame;
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lovers name;
Man can but say, Love did his reason blind,
And Love's the Noblest frailty of the mind.
Draw off my Men, the War's already done.

Piz. Your Order's come too late, the Fight's began,
The Enemy given on, with fury led,
And fierce Orbellan combats in their head.

Cort. He justly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill concernment to his hangney Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your feet.

Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro.

Enter Odmar and Guyomar to Alibech and Cydaria.

Odmar. Now, Madam, since a danger does appear
Worthy my Courage, though below my fear,
Give:

(20)
Give leave to him who may in Battle dye,
Before his Death, to ask his destiny.
Guy. He cannot dye whom you command to live,
Before the Fight you can the conquest give.
Speak where you'll place it?

Alib. ——— Briefly then to both,
One I in secret love, the other loath;
But where I hate, my hate I will not show,
And he I love, my Love shall never know;
True worth shall gain me, that it may be sed,
Desert, not Fancy, once a Woman led,
He who in fight his courage shall oppose
With most success against his Country's Foes,
From me shall all that recompense receive
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true, my hopes and fears are all for one,
But hopes and fears are to my self alone,
Let him not shun the danger of the strife,
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

Odm. All obstacles my Courage shall remove.

Guy. Fall on, fall on,

Odm. ——— For Liberty.

Guy. ——— For Love. *Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE changes to the Indian Country.

Enter Montezuma attended by the Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their ground the faint Taxallans yield,
Bold in close Ambush, bafe in open Field;
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
Thus fought, thus conquer'd I when I was young.

Alarm; Enter Cortez bloody.

Cort. Furies pursue these false Taxallans flight,
Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from such, who where they hate show fear!

Enter Pizarro, Vasquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and those that now remain,
Appear but like the shadows of the Slain,

Vasq.

Vasq. The fierce old King is vanish'd from the Place, he no size
And in a cloud of Dust pursues the Chase, *Exeunt behind*

Cort. Their eager Chase disorder'd does appear,
Command our Horse to charge them in the rear, *To Vasq.*
You to our old *Castilian* Foot retire, *To Pin.*
Who yet stand firm, and at their backs give Fire. *Exeunt*

Enter Odmar and Guyomar meeting each other in the Battel.

Odm. Where hast thou been, since first the Fight began,
Thou less than Woman in the shape of Man,

Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.

Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I slew,
And left it sticking ere my Sword I drew.

Guy. I fought not Honour on so base a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be slain;

I fell'd along a man of bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a shining Case,
So wondrous hard, and so secure of wound,
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.

Odm. I kill'd a double man, the one halfe lay
Upon the ground, the other run away.

Enter Montezuma and an Indian.

Mont. All's lost

Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder fight,
My Men in vain shun death by shameful flight;
For deaths invisible come wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful noise and straight expire;
Take, gods, that Soul ye did in spight create,
And made it great to be unfortunate;
Ill Fate for me unjustly you provide,
Great Souls are sparks of your own Heavenly fire;
That lust of power we from our god-heads have,
You'r bound to please those Appetites you gave.

Enter Vasquez and Pizarro.

Vasq. *Pizarro*, I have hunted hard to day,
Into our toils, the noblest of the Prey.

Scize:

Seize on the King, and him your Prisoner make,
While I in kind revenge my sakes take.

*Pizarro with two goes to attack the King, Vasquez
with another to seize Alibech.*

Guy. Their danger is alike, whom shall I free?

Odin. I'll follow Love.

Guy. ~~I'll follow Love.~~ I'll follow Piety.

*Odin retreats from Vasquez with Alibech off the
Stage, Guyomar fights for his Father.*

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that life you gave,
Mine is well lost, if I your life can save.

*Montezuma Fights off, Guyomar making his
retreat, says.*

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to scape them all,
Stay, let me see where noblest I may fall.

He runs at Vasquez, is seized behind and taken.

Vasq. Conduct him off,
And give command he strictly guarded be.

Guy. In vain are guards, Death sets the valiant free.

Exit Guyomar with Guards.

Vasq. A Glorious day! and bravely was it fought,
Great Fame our General in great dangers sought,
From his strong Arm I saw his Rival run,
And in a crowd, th' unequal Combat shun.

*Enter Cortez leading Cydaria, who seems weeping,
and begging of him.*

Cort. Man's force is feeble, and your gods would fail
To save the City, but your Tears prevail,
I'll of my Fortune no advantage make,
Those Terms they had once giv'n, they still may take.

Cyd. Heaven has of right all victory design'd,
Where boundless power dwells in a will confin'd,
Your Spanish Honour does the World excel.

Cort. Our greatest Honour is in loving well.

Cyd. Strange ways you practise there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

Cort. Love is with us, as Natural as here,
But fetter'd up with Customs more severe.

In tedious Courtship we declare our pain,
And e're we kindness find, first meet disdain,

Cyd. If Women love, they needless pains endure,
Their Pride and Folly, but delay their cure.

Cort. What you miscall their Folly, is their Care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiously believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.

Cyd. But if they are not trusted when they vow,
What other marks of Passion can they show?

Cort. With Feasts, and Musick, all that brings delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight,

Cyd. Your Gallants sure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence:
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they wooe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can such toys your Womens passion move?
This is but noise and tumult, 'tis not Love.

Cort. I have no reason, Madam, to excuse
Those ways of Gallantry I did not use;
My Love was true, and on a Nobler score.

Cyd. Your Love! Alas! then have you lov'd before?

Cort. 'Tis true, I lov'd, but she's Dead, she's Dead,
And I should think with her all Beauty fled;
Did not her fair resemblance live in you,
And by that Image my first Flames renew.

Cyd. Ah happy Beauty whosoe'er thou art!
Though dead, thou keep'st possession of his Heart;
Thou mak'st me jealous, to the last degree,
And art my Rival in his memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more then so,
Thou liv'st and triumph'st o're *Cydaria* too.

Cort. What strange disquiet has uncalm'd your Brest,
Inhumane fair, to rob the Dead of Rest!
Poor Heart, she slumbers in her silent Tomb,
Let her possess in Peace that narrow Room.

E *Cyd.*

Cyd. Poor heart, he pities and bewails her death:
Some god, much hated Soul, restore thy breath
That I may kill thee, but some ease 'twill be,
I'll kill my self for but resembling thee.

Cort. I dread your anger, your disquiet fear,
But blows from hands, so soft who would not bear:
So kind a passion why should I remove?
Since jealousie but shows how well we love,
Yet jealousie so strange I never knew,
Can she who loves me not disquiet you?
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Brest,
'Tis all we gain by Death, to bear rest.

Cyd. That she no longer loves, brings no relief,
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my grief.

Cort. The object of desire once ta'en away,
'Tis then, not Love, but pity which we pay.

Cyd. 'Tis such a pity I should never have,
When I must lye forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you should love none beside,
But you are false already.

Cort. ~~Is not~~ If untrue,
By Heaven my fallhood is to her, not you.

Cyd. Observe sweet Heaven, how falsely he does swear,
You said you lov'd me for resembling her.

Cort. That Love was in me by resemblance bred,
But shows you chear'd my sorrows for the dead.

Cyd. You still repeat the greatness of your grief.

Cort. If that was great, How great was the relief?

Cyd. The first Love still the strongest we account.

Cort. That seems more strong which could the first surmount:
But if you still continue thus unkind,
Whom I love best, you by my Death shall find.

Cyd. If you should dye, my Death should yours pursue,
But yet I am not satisfy'd you're true.

Cort. Hear me ye gods, and punish him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold so dear.

Cyd. You would deceive the gods and me, she's dead,
And is not in the World, whose love I dread.

Name

Name not the World, say nothing is so dear.

Cort. Then nothing is, let that secure your fear.

Cyd. 'Tis Time must wear it off, but I must go.

Can you your constancy in absence show?

Cort. Misdoubt my constancy, and do not try,
But stay and keep me ever in your Eye.

Cyd. If as a Prisoner I were here, you might
Have then insisted on a Conquerors right,
And stay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th' effect of force, and I would give it free.

Cort. To doubt your Vertue or your Love were sin:
Call for the Captive Prince, and bring him in.

Enter Guyomar bound and sad.

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [*To Guyomar.*
Are Spanish Fetters then so hard to wear?

Fortun's unjust, she ruins oft the brave,
And him who should be Victor, makes the Slave.

Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, since put on by thee;
The ills of Love, not those of Fate I fear,
These I can brave, but those I cannot bear;
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the fruit of all my pains.

Cort. Let it be never said, that he whose breast
Is fill'd with Love, should break a Lovets rest;
Haste, lose no time, your Sister sets you free,
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,
I offer still those terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

Guy. Brother (that Name my breast shall ever own, *He embraces him*
The Name of Foe be but in Battels known;) *him*
For some few days all hostile Acts forbear,
That if the King consents, it seem not fear;
His Heart is noble, and great Souls must be
Most sought and courted in Adversity.
Three days I hope the wisht success will tell

Cyd. Till that long time. ———

Cort. ——— Till that long time, farewell.

[*Exit Severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Chamber Royal.

Enter Odmar and Alibech.

Odmar. **T**He gods, fair *Alibech*, had so decreed,
Nor could my Valour against Fate succeed;
Yet though our Army brought not conquest home
I did not from the Fight inglorious come:

If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Successless Courage then may hope reward:

And I returning safe, may justly boast

To win the prize which my dead Brother lost

*Enter Guyomar
behind him.*

Guy. No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be

A Witness, both against himself and thee;

Though both in safety, are return'd agen,

I blush to ask her Love for vanquish'd Men.

Odmar. Brother, I'll not dispute, but you are brave,

Yet I was free, and you it seems a Slave.

Guy. *Odmar*, 'tis true, that I was Captive led

As publickly is known, as that you fled;

But of two Shames if she must one partake,

I think the choice will not be hard to make.

Odmar. Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,

Dar'st thou expect she will put on thy Chain?

Guy. No, no, fair *Alibech*, give me the Crown,

My Brother is return'd with high Renown.

He thinks by Flight his Mistress must be won,

And claims the prize because he best did run.

Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wise,

But neither have o'recome your Enemies:

My secret wishes would my choice decide,

But open Justice bends to neither side.

Odmar. Justice already does my right approve,

If him who loves you most, you most should love.

My Brother poorly from our aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to succor you.

Guy. Her Countrey she did to her self prefer,
Him who fought best, not who defended her;
Since she her interest for the Nations wav'd,
Then I who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;
You aiding her, your Countrey did betray,
I aiding him, did her commands obey.

Odin. Name it no more, in Love, there is a time
When dull Obedience is the greatest crime;
She to her Countreys use resign'd your Sword,
And you kind Lover, took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your reward from Duty, not from her.

Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own desire,
That sought for her, which when I did subdue
'Twas much the easier task I left for you.

Alib. Odin. a more than common Love has shown;
And *Guyomar's* was greater, or was none;
Which I should chuse, some god direct my brest,
The certain good, or the uncertain best:
I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain;
Time and your future Acts must make it plain;
First raise the Siege, and set your Countrey free,
I not the Judge, but the reward will be.

*To them, Enter Montezuma, talking with Almeria
and Orbellan.*

Mont. Madam, I think with reason I extal
The Vertue of the *Spanish* General;
When all the gods our Ruine have fore-told,
Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,
And offering Peace, the first conditions make.

Alm. When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;
For one poor loss to stoop to terms like those,
Were we o'come, what could they worse impose?
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lye like Dogs beneath your Masters feet.

Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines;
 And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines;
 Your shameful story shall record of me,
 The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.

Guy. Had I not fought, or durst not fight again,
 I my suspected Counsel should refrain:
 For I with Peace, and any terms prefer
 Before the last extremities of War.

We but exasp'rate those we cannot harm,
 And Fighting gains us but to dye more warm:
 If that be Cowardise which dares not see
 The insolent effects of Victory.

The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
 Then I am fearful, let the brave advise.

Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
 Have prosperously begun a doubtful War:
 But now our Foes with less advantage fight,
 Their strength decreases with our *Indians* flight.

Mont. This noble Vote does with my wish comply,
 I am for War.

Alm. ————— And so am I.

Orb. ————— And I.

Mont. Then send to break the truce, and I'll take care,
 To cheer the Soldiers, and for Fight prepare.

Exeunt Montezuma, Odmarr, Guyomar, Alibech.

Alm. to Orb. 'Tis now the hour which all to rest allow, Almeria
 And sleep fits heavy upon every brow: *[Says Orbellan.]*

In this dark silence softly leave the Town, *[Guyomar returns]*
 And to the Generals Tent, 'tis quick'y known, *[and hears them.]*

Direct your steps: you may dispatch him strait,
 Drown'd in his sleep, and easy for his Fate:

Besides, the truce will make the Guards more slack.

Orb. Courage which leads me on, will bring me back:
 But I more fear the baseness of the thing:

Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual sting.

Alm. For mean remorse no room the valiant finds,
 Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds;
 For want of judgement, keeps them doubtful still
 They may repeat of good, who can of ill?

But

But daring courage makes ill actions good,
 'Tis foolish pity spares a Rivals Blood;
 You shall about it straight. ——— *Exeunt Almeria, Orbellan.*

Guy. ——— Would they betray
 His sleeping Vertue, by so mean a way!
 And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,
 I wish him dead ——— but cannot wish it so;
 Either my Countrey never must be freed,
 Or I consenting to so black a deed,
 Would chance had never led my steps this way,
 Now if he dies I murder him, not they;
 Something must be resolv'd ere 'tis too late,
 He gave me freedom, I'll prevent his fate. [*Exit Guyomar.*]

SCENE II. A Camp.

Enter Cortez alone in a Night-Gown.

Cort. All things are hush'd, as Natures self lay dead,
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie head;
 The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flowers, beneath the night-dew sweat;
 Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies
 Rest to my Soul, and slumber to my Eyes.
 Three days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
 And two long days and nights are yet to come:
 'Tis sure the noise of some tumultuous fight,
 They break the truce, and sally out by night. *Noise within.*

Enter Orbellan flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.

Orb. Betray'd! pursu'd! Oh whither shall I fly?
 See, see, the just reward of Treachery;
 I'm sure among the Tents, but know not where,
 Ev'n night wants darkness to secure my fear.

Comes near Cortez who hears him.

Cort. Stand, who goes there?

Orb. ——— Alas, what shall I say!
 A poor *Taxallan* that mistook his way,
 And wanders in the terrors of the night.

Aside.
To him.

Cort.

Cort. Soldier thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy fright?

Orb. The insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,
Who in the dark pursu'd me, entering here.

Cort. Their Crimes shall meet immediate punishment,
But stay thou safe within the General's Tent.

Orb. Still worse and worse.

Cort. — Fear not, but follow me,
Upon my Life I'll set thee safe and free.

Cortez leads him in and returns.

To him Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards with Torches.

Vasq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend
That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend
This night to kill you sleeping in your Tent,
But *Guyomar*, his trusty Slave has sent,
Who following close his silent steps by night
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,
Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murtheier:
The cruel Villain fled, I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent,

Piz. Th' enraged Soldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in love to you,
With bloody Vows his hated Life pursue.

Vasq. This Messenger does since he came, relate,
That the old King, after a long debate,
By this imperious Mistress blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan's* Bed.

Cort. *Vasquez*, the trusty Slave with you retain,
Retire awhile, I'll call you back again.

[Exeunt Vasq. Piz.]

Cortez at his Tent door:

Cort. *Indian* come forth, your Enemies are gone,
And I who sav'd you from them, here alone;
You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

Enter Orbellan holding his Face aside.

O b. Moon, slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To shroud my shame.

Cort.

Cort.——In vain you turn aside,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival and his black designe.

Orb. Forgive it as my passions fault, not mine.

Cort. In your excuse, your Love does little say
You might have taken a much nobler way.

Orb. 'Tis true, my passion small defence can make,
Yet you must spare me for your Honours sake;
That was engag'd to set me safe and free.

Cort. 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy breath,
When all my hopes depend upon thy death——

——Yet none shall tax me with base perjury,
Something I'll do, both for my self and thee;
With vow'd revenge my Soldiers search each Tent;
If thou art seen, none can thy death prevent;
Follow my steps with silence and with haste.

*They go out, the Scene changes, to the Indian
Country they return.*

Cort. Now you are safe, you have my out-guards pass.

Orb. Then here I take my leave.

Cort.——*Orbellan*, no,
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'll send a Message.

Orb.——Let it be exprest,
I am in haste.

Cort.——I'll write it in your Brest——*Draws.*

Orb. What means my Rival?

Cort. Either Fight or Dye,
I'll not strain Honor to a point too high;
I sav'd your Life; now keep it if you can,
Cydaria shall be for the bravest Man;
On equal terms you shall your fortune try,
Take this, and lay your Flint-edg'd Weapon by;
I'll arm you for my Glory, and pursue } *Gives him*
No palm, but what's to manly Virtue due. } *a Sword.*
Fame with my Conquest, shall my Courage tell,
This you shall gain by placing Love so well.

Grb. Fighting with you, ungrateful I appear.

Cort. Under that shadow thou wouldst hide thy fear:
Thou wouldst possess thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my easie Virtue scorn.

Orb. Since we must Fight, no longer time delay,
The Moon shines clear, and makes a paler day,

*They Fight, O bellan is wounded in the Hand,
his Sword falls out of it.*

Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's pity due,
It was not I, but Fortune vanquish'd you,
Thank me with that, and so dispute the prize,
As if you fought before *Cydaria's* Eyes.

*Throws his
Sword again.*

Orb. I would not poorly such a gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but Fight;
But see where yours has forc'd its bloody way; *He strives to hold it*
My wounded Hand, my Heart does ill obey. *but cannot.*

Cort. Unlucky Honour that controul'st my Will!

Why have I vanquish'd, since I must not kill;
Fate sees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glass,
And looks it through, but to it cannot pass.

Orb. All I can do is frankly to confess,
I wish I could, but cannot love her less;
To swear I would resign her, were but vain,
Love would recall that perjur'd breath again;
And in my wretched case 'twill be more just
Not to have promis'd, than deceive your Trust.
Know, if I live once more to see the Town,
In bright *Cydaria's* Arms my Love I'll Crown.

Cort. In spite of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy person, leave thy Honour free;
But to thy wishes move a speedy pace,
Or Death will soon o'retake thee in the chase.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate shows my Love the way,
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial day.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE

(33)
(46)
S C E N E III.

Enter Montezuma, Odmarr, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two days space,
This early Famine spreads so swift a pace.

Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor seems it strange,
The face of plenty should so swiftly change:

This City never felt a Siege before,

But from the Lake receiv'd its daily store,

Which now shut up, and Millions crowded here,

Famine will soon in multitudes appear.

Mont. The more the number, still the greater shame.

Alm. What if some one should seek immortal Fame
By ending of the Siege at one brave blow?

Mont. That were too happy!

Alm. ——— Yet it may be so,
What if the Spanish General should be slain?

Guy. Just Heaven I hope does other ways ordain.

Mont. If slain by Treason, I should mourn his Death.

Enter Orbellan, and whispers his Sister.

Odm. Orbellan seems in haste, and out of breath.

Mont. Orbellan welcome, you are early here.

A Bridegrooms haste does in your looks appear.

Almeria aside to her Brother.

Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardise, and Fear,

He had not scap'd with Life had I been there;

But since so ill you act a brave designe,

Keep close your shame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

Enter Alibech, Cydaria.

Alib. O Sir, if ever pity touch'd your Brest,

Let it be now to your own blood express.

In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her sight,

Silent as Dews that fall in dead of night.

Cyd. To your commands I strict obedience owe,

And my last Act of it I come to show;

I want the Heart to dye before your Eyes,

But Grief will finish that which Fear denies.

Alm. Your Will should by your Fathers Precept move.

Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.

Alm. He found more Love than he deserv'd, 'tis true,
And that it seems is lucky too to you;

Your Father's folly took a head-strong course,
But I'll rule yours, and teach you love by force.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, Arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,
A sharp assault already is begun;

Their murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.

Odmar. Now Rival, let us run where Honour calls.

Guy. I have discharg'd what gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe:

{ Exeunt Odmar

Mont. Our Walls are high, and multitudes defend: *{ Land Guyomar.*
Their vain attempt must in their ruine end;

The Nuptials with my presence shall be grac'd.

Alib. At least but stay till the assault be past.

Alm. Sister, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he shall obey.

Enter Second Messenger.

Mess. 2. From several parts, the Enem'ys repell'd,
One only quarter, to th' assault does yield.

Enter Third Messenger.

Mess. 3. Some Foes are enter'd, but they are so few,
They only Death, not Victory pursue.

Orb. Hark, hark, they shout!

From Virtues rules I do too meanly swerve:

I by my Courage will your Love deserve.

Mont. Here in the heart of all the Town I'll stay:

And timely succor where it wants, convey.

*A noise within, Enter Orbellan, Indians driven in, Cortez,
after them, and one or two Spaniards.*

Cort. He's found, he's found, degenerate Coward stay:
Night sav'd thee once, thou shalt not scape by day, *[Kills Orbellan.*

Orb. — O I am kill'd — — — *Dies.*

Enter Guyomar and Odmar.

Guy. Yield, generous Stranger, and preserve your life.
Why chuse you death in this unequal strife?

*{ He is
beset.
Almeria.*

Almeria and Alibech seem to weep over Orbellan's Body.

Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,
I fall reveng'd, and at my Mistress feet?

*They fall on him, and bear him down, Guyomar
takes his Sword.*

Alib. He's past recovery, my dear Brother's slain :
Fates hand was in it, and my care is vain.

Alm. In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath :
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,
Dispatch the Villain stait.

Cort. — The Villain's dead.

Alm. Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head?

Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brothers loss I grieve,
Yet let me beg, —

Alm. — His Murderer may live?

Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune, and the chance of War.

Cort. It was my purpose, and I kill'd him fair;
How could you so unjust and cruel prove,
To call that chance which was the act of Love?

Cyd. I call'd it any thing to save your life :
Would he were living still, and I his Wife;
That wish was once my greatest misery :
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.

Alm. Either command his death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria's* face.

Guy. You by his Valour, once from Death were freed :
Can you forget so generous a deed?

[To Montezuma,

Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my Brest !
Both ways alike my Soul is rob'd of rest.

But — let him dye — can I his Sentence give ?
Ungrateful must he dye by whom I live ?

But can I then *Almeria's* tears deny !

Should any live, whom she commands to dye ?

Guy. Approach who dares : he yielded on my words,
And as my Pris'ner, I restore his Sword;

[Gives his Sword.

His life concerns the safety of the State,
And I'll preserve it for a calm debate.

Mont.

Mont. Dar'st thou rebel false and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus destroy.

Offers to kill him, Odmar steps between.

Odmar. My Brothers Blood, I cannot see you spill,
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:

He is my Rival, but his death would be
For him too glorious, and too base for me,

Guy. Thou shalt not conquer in this noble strife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:

Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breast more true,
'Tis the last Wound I e're can take for you.

You see I live but to dispute your Will;

Kill me, and then you may my Prisoner kill.

Cort. You shall not, generous Youths, contend for me:

It is enough that I your Honour see,

But that your Duty may no blemish take,

I will my self your Fathers Captive make:

When he dares strike, I am prepar'd to fall:

The Spaniards will revenge their General.

*Gives his Sword
to Montezuma.*

Cyd. Ah you too hastily your Life resigne,

You more would love it if you valued mine!

Cort. Dispatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,

I shall grow tender else, and wish to Live

Such an infectious Face her sorrow wears.

I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria's* Tears.

Alm. Make haste, make haste, they merit Death all three:

They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.

See, see, my Brother's Ghost hangs hovering there,

O're his warm Blood, that streams into the Air,

Revenge, Revenge it cries.

Mont. ——— And it shall have;

But two days respite for his Life I crave:

If in that space you not more gentle prove:

I'll give a fatal proof how well I Love

Till when you *Guyomar*, your Prisoner take;

Bestow him in the Castle on the Lake:

In that small time, I shall the Conquest gain

Of these few Sparks of Vertue which remain:

Then

Then all who shall my head-long passion see,
Shall curse my Crimes, and yet shall pity me. *[Exeunt omnes]*

ACT IV.

SCENE A Prison.

Enter Almeria, and an Indian, they speak entering.

Ind. **A** Dangerous proof of my respect I show.

Alm. Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* shall never know:
While he is absent let us not delay;
Remember, 'tis the King thou dost obey.

Ind. See where he sleeps.

[Cortez appears Chain'd and laid asleep.]

Alm. ——— Without my coming, wait:
And on thy life secure the Prison Gate. *Exit Indian.*

[She plucks out a Dagger, and approaches him.]

Spaniard awake, thy fatal hour is come:

Thou shalt not at such ease receive thy doom.

Revenge is sure, though sometimes slowly pac'd,

Awake, awake, or sleeping, sleep thy last.

Cort. Who names Revenge?

Alm. — Look up and thou shalt see.

Cort. I cannot fear so fair an Enemy.

Alm. No aid is nigh, nor canst thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?

Cort. ——— From Innocence.

Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy part,
Still are thy looks assur'd, ——— have at thy Heart:

[Holds up the Dagger.]

I cannot kill thee: sure thou bear'st some Charm,

[Goes back.]

Or some Divinity holds back my Arm.

Why do I thus delay to make him bleed,

[Aside.]

Can I want Courage for so brave a Deed?

I've shook it off; my Soul is free from fear,

[Comes again.]

And I can now strike any where — but here,

His

His scorn of Death, how strangely does it move ?

A mind so haughty, who could chafe but Love !

[Goes off.]

Plead not a Charm, or any gods command,

Alas it is thy Heart that holds thy Hand :

In spite of me I love, and see too late

My Mothers Pride, must find my Mothers Fate :

—— Thy Countrey's Foe, thy Brother's Murderer,

For shame, *Almeria*, such mad thoughts forbear :

It wo't be, if I once more come on, [Coming on again.]

I shall mistake the Breast, and pierce my own.

[Comes with her Dagger down.]

Cort. Does your revenge maliciously forbear

To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by fear ?

If you delay for that, forbear or strike,

Fore-seen, and suddain Death are both alike.

Alm. To shew my Love, would but increase his Pride :

They have most power, who most their Passions hide.

[Aside.]

Spaniard, I must confess I did expect

You could not meet your Death with such neglect ;

I will defer it now, and give you time :

You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.

Cort. Those who repent, acknowledge they did ill :

I did not unprovok'd, your Brother kill.

Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

Cort. Who begs his life, does not deserve to live.

Alm. But if 'tis given, you'l not refuse to take ?

Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria's* sake.

Alm. Does she so wholly then possess your mind ?

What if you should another Lady find,

Equal to her in Birth, and far above

In all that can attract, or keep your Love,

Would you so doat upon your first desire,

As not to entertain a nobler fire ?

Cort. I think that person hardly will be found,

With gracious Form, and equal Virtue Crown'd :

Yet if another could precedence claim,

My fixt desires could find no fairer aim.

Alm.

Alm. Dull ignorance, he cannot yet conceive
To speak more plain, shame will not give me leave. [*Aside.*
—Suppose one lov'd you, whom even King's adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would restore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you for her *Cydaria's* Love forego?

Cort. Though she could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.

Alm. A burning blush has cover'd all my face;
Why am I forc'd to publish my disgrace?
What if I love, you know it cannot be,
And yet I blush to put the case twereme.
If I could love you with a Flame so true
I could forget what hand my Brother slew——

——Make out the rest,——I am disorder'd so
I know not farther what to say or do:

——But answer me to what you think I meant.

Cort. Reason or Wit no answer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the meaning find?

Alm. Disorder'd words show a distemper'd mind.

Cort. She has oblig'd me so, that I could chuse,
I would not answer what I must refuse. [*Aside.*

Alm. ——His mind is shook;——suppose I lov'd you, speak,
Would you for me *Cydaria's* Fetters break?

Cort. Things meant in Jest, no serious answer need.

Alm. But put the case that it were so indeed;

Cort. If it were so, which but to think were pride,
My constant Love would dangerously be try'd.
For since you could a Brother's death forgive,
He whom you save, for you alone should live:
But I the most unhappy of Mankind,
E're I knew yours, have all my Love resten'd.
'Tis my own loss I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's door.
Yet could I change, as sure I never can,
How could you love so infamous a Man?
For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no ground I ever could be true.

Alm. You confirm'd me right, — I was in jest;
 And by that offer meant to sound your Breast;
 Which since I find so constant to your Love,
 Will much my value of your worth improve.
Spaniard assure your self you shall not be
 Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me;
 'Tis dangerous, though to Treat me in this sort,
 And to refuse my offers, though in sport.

[Exit Almeria.]

[Cort. joins]

Cort. In what a strange condition am I left,
 More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!
 In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most;
 For even our wish is in possession lost:
 Restless we wander to a new desire,
 And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:
 We toss and turn about our Feverish Will,
 When all our ease must come by lying still:
 For all the happiness Mankind can gain
 Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

Goes in, and the Scene closes upon him.

SCENE II Chamber-Royal.

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

Mont. My Ears are deaf with this impatient croud.

Odm. Their wants are now grown mutinous and loud:
 The General's taken, but the Siege remains;
 And their last food our dying Men sustains.

Guy. One means is only left, I to this hour,
 Have kept the Captive from *Almeria's* pow'r:
 And though by your Command she often sent
 To urge his doom, do still his death prevent.

Mont. That hope is past: him I have oft assail'd,
 But neither threats nor kindness have prevail'd;
 Hiding our wants, I offer'd to release
 His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
 He fiercely answer'd, I had now no way
 But to submit, and without terms obey:

I told

Itold him he in Chains demanded more
 Than he impos'd in Victory before:
 He sullenly reply'd, he could not make
 These offers now; Honour must give, not take.

Odm. Twice have I sally'd, and was twice beat back:
 What desp'rate course remains for us to take?

Mont. If either Death or Bondage I must choose,
 I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I lose.

Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
 Those means you might have then with Honour us'd:
 I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
 They know to conquer best, who know to dye.

Exeunt Montezuma, Odm.

Alib. Ah me, what have I heard I stay *Guyomar*,
 What hope you from this Sally you prepare?

Guy. A death, with Honour for my Countreys good:
 And to that use your self design'd my Bloud.

Alib. You heard, and I well know the Towns distress,
 Which Sword and Famine both at once oppress:
 Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's use,
 Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous juice
 Wild hunger seeks; and to prolong our breath,
 We greedily devour our certain death:

The Soldier in th' assault of Famine falls;
 And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
 As Callow Birds——

Whose Mother's kill'd in seeking of the prey,
 Cry in their Nest, and think her long away;
 And at each leaf that stirs, each blast of wind,
 Gape for the Food which they must never find:
 So cry the people in their misery.

Guy. And what relief can they expect from me?

Alib. While *Montezuma* sleeps, call in the Foe;
 The Captive General your designe may know:
 His Noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
 Knows how to spare as well as to subdue.

Guy. What I have heard I blush to hear; and grieve
 Those words you spoke I must your words believe;

I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
 To sell my Countrey, and my King enslave?
 All I have done by one foul act deface,
 And yield my right to you by turning base?
 What more could *Odmar* wish that I should do
 To lose your Love, then you perswade me to?
 No, Madam, no, I never can commit
 A deed so ill, nor can you suffer it:
 'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find
 Lodg'd in my Soul.

Alib. I plainly speak my mind;
 Dear as my Life my Vertue I'll preserve:
 But Vertue you too scrupulously serve:
 I lov'd not more then now my Countreys good,
 When for its service I employ'd your Bloud:
 But things are alter'd, I am still the same,
 By different ways, still moving to one fame;
 And by disarming you, I now do more
 To save the Town, then arming you before.

Guy. Things good or ill by circumstances be,
 In you 'tis Vertue, what is Vice in me.

Alib. That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.

Guy. The good's uncertain, but the ill is sure.

Alib. When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
 Each private man for publick good should rise.

Guy. Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse:
 Such reasons none but impious Rebels use:
 Those who to Empire by dark paths aspire,
 Still plead a Call to what they most desire;
 But Kings by free consent their Kingdoms take,
 Strict as those sacred ties which Nuptials make;
 And what e're faults in Princes time reveal,
 None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

Alib. In all debates you plainly let me see
 You love your Vertue best, but *Odmar* me.
 Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:
 I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;

With

With my Commands you shall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this trial was your last.

Guy. The gods inspire you with a better mind;
Make you more just, and make you then more kind:
But though from Virtues rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
'Tis hard with me, whatever choice I make;
I must not merit you, or must forsake:
But in this straight, to Honour I'll be true,
And leave my fortune to the gods and you.

Enter, Messenger privately.

Mess. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;
From the Watch-Tower, above the Western Gate,
I have discern'd the Foe securely lye,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their careless Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to shade them from the Sun;
Guy. Upon thy life disclose thy news to none;
I'll make the Conquest or the Shame my own.

Exit Guyomar and Messenger.

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read some welcome Message in his Eye;
Prince *Odmar* comes, I'll see if he'll deny.

Odmar. I come to tell you pleasing news;
I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuse.

Odmar. The news both pleases me and grieves me too;
For nothing, sure, should be deny'd to you;
But he was blest who might commanded be;
You never meant that happiness to me.

Alib. What he refus'd your kindness might bestow;
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.

Odmar. Could I but live till burdensome they prove,
My Life would be immortal as my Love.
Your wish, e're it receive a name, I grant.

Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Countreys want;
All hopes of succor from your Arms is past,
To save us now you must our ruine hast;

Give.

Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's liberty restore.

Odm. You speak to try my Love, can you forgive
So soon to let your Brother's Murd'rer live?

Alib. Orbellan, though my Brother did disgrace
With treach'rous Deeds, our mighty Mother's Race;
And to revenge his Blood so justly spill,
What is it less than to partake his Guilt?
Though my proud Sister to revenge incline,
I to my Countrey's good my own resigne.

Odm. To save our Lives, our freedom I betray——

—— Yet since I promis'd it I will obey;

I'll not my Shame, nor your Commands dispute;

You shall behold your Empire's absolute.

[Exit Odman.]

Alib. I should have thank'd him for his speedy grants;

And yet I know not how, fit words I want:

Sure I am grown distracted in my mind,

That joy this grant should bring I cannot find:

The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;

And this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:

The one with grief, and slowly did refuse,

The other, in his grant, much haste did use:

—— He us'd too much—— and granting me so soon,

He has the merit of the gift undone:

Methought with wondrous ease, he swallow'd down

His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:

My inward choice was *Guyomar* before,

But now his Virtue has confirm'd me more.——

—— I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,

And then my promise must my choice betray.

Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a toil

Thy self, to make thy Love thy Virtues spoil. [Exit Alibech]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A pleasant Grotto discover'd; in it a Fountain spouting & round about it, Vasquez, Pizarro, and other Spaniards lying carelessly unarm'd, and by them many Indian Women, one of which sings the following Song.

SONG.

*Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past
Yet we thy ruine hast:
As if the cares of Humane Life were few
We seek out new,
And follow Fate which would too fast pursue.*

*See how on every bough the Birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care.
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?*

*Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall;
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.*

After the Song, two Spaniards arise and dance a Saraband with Castanieta's: at the end of which, Guyomar and his Indians enter, and e're the Spaniards can recover their Swords, seize them.

*Guy. Those whom you took without in Triumph bring,
But see these streight conducted to the King.*

Piz. Vasquez, what now remains in these extremis?

Vasq. Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.

Piz.

Piz. Since by our shameful Conduct we have lost
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value most,
I wish they would our Lives a period give:
They live too long, who happiness out-live.

[Spaniards are led out.]
I. Ind. See, Sir, how quickly your Success is spread:
The King comes marching in the Armies head.

Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, discontented.

Mont. Now all the gods reward and bless my Son: [Embracing.]
Thou hast this day thy Fathers Youth out-done.

Alib. Just Heaven all Happiness upon him shower,
Till it confers its Will beyond its Power.

Guy. The Heavens are kind; the gods propitious be,
I only doubt a mortal Deity:
I neither fought for Conquest, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

Alib. I gave my Love to the most brave in War;
But that the King must judge.

Mont. 'Tis *Guyomar*.

[Soldiers shout, *Guyomar, &c.*

Mont. This day your Nuptials we will celebrate;
But guard these haughty Captives till their Fate:
Odmar, this night to keep them beyour care,
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

Alib. Blot not your Conquest with your Cruelty.

Mont. Fate says we are not safe unless they dye:
The Spirit that foretold this happy day,
B'd me use Caution and avoid delay:
Posterity be just to my Fame;
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his defence may justly do the same:
But private persons more than Monarchs can:

All weigh our Acts, and what e' seems unjust,
Impute not to Necessity, but Lust.

Exeunt Montezuma, Guyomar, and Alibech.

Odmar. Lost and undone! He had my Fathers voice,
And *Alibech* seem'd pleas'd with her new choice:
Alas, it was new! too too late I see,

Since

Since one she hated, that it must be me.

I feel a strange Temptation in my Will

To do an action, great at once and ill:

Virtue ill Treated from my Soul is fled;

I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:

Yet Conscience would against my rage rebel

Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well!

Sink Empire, Father perish, Brother fall,

Revenge does more than recompence you all.

Conduct the Pris'ners in

Spaniards you see your own deplor'd Estate

What dare you do to reconcile your Fate?

Vasq. All that despair, with Courage joyn'd can do.

Odm. An easie way to Victory I'll show:

When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,

I'll give you Arms, Burn, Ravish, and Destroy;

For my own share one Beauty I design,

Engage your Honours that she shall be mine.

Piz. I gladly Swear.

Vasq. And I; but I request

That, in return, one who has touch'd my Brest,

Whose name I know not, may be given to me,

Odm. *Spaniard* 'tis just; she's yours whose're she be.

Vasq. The night comes on: if Fortune blefs the bold
I shall possess the Beauty.

Piz. I the Gold.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Cortez discovered, bound: Almeria talking with him.

Alm. I come not now your constancy to prove,
You may believe me when I say I love.

Cort. You have too well instructed me before,
In your intentions to believe you more.

Alm. I'm justly plagu'd by this your unbelief,
And am my self the cause of my own grief:

H

But

But to beg love, I cannot stoop so low;
 It is enough that you my passion know.
 'Tis in your choice; Love me, or love me not; *Lays hold on*
 I have not yet my Brother's death forgot. *The Dagger*

Cort. You Menace me and Court me in a breath:
 Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

Alm. Your hopes without, are vanish'd into smoke?
 Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

Cort. In vain you urge me with my miseries:
 When Fortune falls, high Courages can rise,
 Now should I change my love, it would appear,
 Not the effect of Gratitude, but Fear.

Alm. I'll to the King, and make it my Request,
 Or my Command that you may be releas'd;
 And make you judge, when I have set you free,
 Who best deserves your passion, I, or He.

Cort. You tempt my Faith to generous a way,
 As without guilt, might constancy betray,
 But I'm so far from meriting esteem,
 That if I judge, I must my self condemn;
 Yet having given my worthless heart before,
 What I must ne'r possess, I will adore;
 Take my devotion then this humbler way,
 Devotion is the love which Heaven we pay. *[Kisses her Hand.]*

Enter Cydaria,

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! what do I see!
 Is this her hate to him, his love to me!

'Tis in my Breast she sheaths her Dagger now.
 False Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? *[To him.]*

Cort. What words, dear Saint, are these I hear you use?
 What Faith, what Vows, are those which you accuse?

Cyd. More cruel than the Tyger o're his spoil;
 And falser than the weeping Crocodile;
 Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
 A Pride to hear the Conquests which you make?
 Go publish your Renown, let it be said
 You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

Cort.

Cort. With what injustice is my Faith accus'd
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thousand times for you.

Alm. She'll have too great content to find him true;

And therefore since his Love is not for me,
I'll help to make my Rivals misery.

Spaniard, I never thought you false before:

Can you at once two Mistresses adore?

Keep the poor Soul no longer in suspense,

Your change is such as does not need defence.

Cort. Riddles like these I cannot understand!

Alm. Why should you blush? she saw you kiss my hand.

Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your first Love's deny'd,

Favour your shame, and turn my Eyes aside;

My feeble hopes in her deserts are lost:

I neither can such power nor beauty boast:

I have no tye upon you to be true,

But that which loosned yours, my Love to you.

Cort. Could you have heard my words?

Cyd. ——— Alas, what needs

To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds?

Cort. What shall I say! the Fate of love is such,

That still it sees too little, or too much.

That act of mine which does your Passion move

Was but a mark of my Respect, not Love.

Alm. Vex not your self, excuses to prepare:

For one you love not, is not worth your care.

Cort. Cruel *Almeria* take that life you gave;

Since you but worse destroy me, while you save.

Cyd. No, let me dye and I'll my claim resign;

For while I live, methinks you should be mine.

Cort. The bloodiest Vengeance which she could pursue;

Would be a trifle to my loss of you.

Cyd. Your change was wise, for had she been deny'd,

A swift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:

You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,

All my Revenge is only in my Tears.

[Aside.

[To him.

Cort.

Cort. Can you imagine I so mean could prove,
To save my Life by changing of my Love?

Cyd. Since Death is that which nat'rally we shun,
You did no more than I perhaps had done.

Cort. Make me not doubt, fair Soul, your constancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.

Alm. You may believe him; you have seen it prov'd.

Cort. Can I not gain belief, how I have lov'd?
What can thy ends, malicious Beauty, be:
Can he who kill'd thy Brother, live for thee?

[A noise of clashing of Swords.

[Vasquez within, Indians against him.

Vasq. Yie'd Slaves or die; our Sword shall force our way [within

Ind. We cannot, though o're-powr'd, our Trust betray [within.

Cort. 'Tis Vasquez voice, he brings me Liberty.

Vasq. In spite of Fate I'll set my General free: [within.

Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.

Alm. All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Sky,
Strikes and consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the suddain ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo;

It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:

—— But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to destroy?

[Aside.

Cort. Her looks grow black as a tempestuous wind;
Some raging thoughts are rowling in her mind.

Alm. Rival, I must your jealousy remove,
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.

Cyd. Now you are kind.

Alm. —He whom you love is true:
But he shall never be possess'd by you.

[Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.

Cort. Hold, hold, ah barbarous Woman! flie, oh flie!

Cyd. Ah pity, pity, is no succor nigh!

Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,
While I have life, I will your life secure.

[Cydaria gets behind him.

Alm.

Alm. On him or thee light Vengeance any where:

[She stabs and hurts him.]

— What have I done? I see his Bloud appear!

Cyd. It streams, it streams from every vital part:

Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

Alm. Ah! Cursed Woman, that was my designe!

This Weapons point shall mix that Bloud with mine!

[Goes to stab her self; and being within his reach, he snatches the Dagger.]

Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your power.

Alm. Then sullenly I'll wait my fatal hour.

Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with drawn Swords.

Vasq. He lives, he lives.

Cort. — Unfetter me with speed,

Vasquez, I see you troubled that I bleed:

But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

Vasq. You to a certain Victory are led;

Your Men all arm'd, stand silently within:

I with your Freedom, did the work begin.

Piz. What friends we have, and how we came so strong,

We'll softly tell you as we march along.

Cort. In this safe place let me secure your fear:

[To Cyd.]

No clashing Swords, no noise can enter here.

Amidst our Arms as quiet you shall be

As *Halcyon* brooding on a Winter Sea.

Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of fright

Amidst the terrors of a dreadful night:

You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,

I never durst in darkness be alone:

I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet —

Cort. You must not go where you may dangers meet.

Th' unruly Sword will no distinction make:

And Beauty will not there give wounds, but take.

Alm. Then stay and take me with you; though to be

A Slave to wait upon your Victory.

My Heart unmov'd, can noise and horror bear:

Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Cort.

Cort. *Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither must stay here, nor go with me.

Alm. Then take my Life, that will my rest restore:
'Tis all I ask for saving yours before.

Cort. That were a barbarous return of Love.

Alm. Yet, leaving it, you more inhumane prove:
In both extremes I some relief should find:

Oh! either hate me more, or be more kind.

Cort. Life of my Soul do not my absence mourn:
But cheer your Heart in hopes of my return.

Your Noble Father's Life shall be my care;

And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to spare.

Cyd. Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,
My heart forbodes I ne'r shall see you more:

I have but one request, when I am dead

Let not my Rival to your Love succeed.

Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears foretell:
Farewell my Dear.

Cyd. ——— A long and last farewell:
——— So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;

Can you no longer last look afford?

Cort. I melt to womanish Fears, and if I stay

I find my Love my Courage will betray

Yon Tower will keep you safe, but be so kind

To your own Life, that none may entrance find.

Cyd. Then lead me there ———

For this one Minute of your company,

I go methinks, with some content to dye.

[*Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.*

Alm. Farewel, O too much lov'd, since lov'd in vain [Sola]

What dismal Fortune does for me remain

Night and Despair my fatal Footsteps guide;

That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd.

[*Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards return again.*

Cort. All I hold dear, I trust to your defence;

Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.

[*Exeunt Cortez, and Vasquez,*

Piz.

Piz. I'll venture that—
The gods are good; I'll leave her to their care;
Steal from my Post, and in the Plunder share. *Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Chamber-Royal, an Indian Hammock discover'd in it.

Enter Odmar with Soldiers, Guyomar, Alibech, bound.

Odm. **F**Ate is more just than you to my desert,
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.

Guy. Can there be gods, and no Revenge provide?

Odm. The gods are ever of the conquering side:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Father's Empire shall succeed.

Alib. How much I Crowns contemn, I let thee see,
Choosing the younger, and refusing thee.

Guy. Were she ambitious, she'd disdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of such a servile Throne;
A Throne which thou by Parricide dost gain,
And by a base submission must retain.

Alib. I lov'd thee not before, but *Odmar* know
That now I hate thee, and despise thee too.

Odm. With too much violence you Crimes pursue,
Which if I acted, 'twas for love of you:
This, if it teach not love, may teach you fear:

I brought not Sin so far, to stop it here,
Death in a Lovers mouth, would sound but ill:
But know, I either must enjoy, or kill.

Alib. Bestow, base Man, thy idle threats elsewhere,
My Mothers Daughter knows not how to fear,
Since *Guyomar*, I must not be thy Bride,
Death shall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.

Odm. Then take thy wish,——

Guy. Hold, *Odmar*, hold:——

My

My right in *Alibech* I will resign;
Rather than see her dye, I'll see her thine.

Alib. In vain thou wouldst resign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'st me, constant still to thee:

That shall not save my Life: wilt thou appear
Fearful for her, who for her self wants fear?

Odm. Her Love to him shews me a surer way:

I by her Love, her Virtue must betray:

Since, *Alibech*, you are so true a Wife;

'Tis in your power to save your Husbands life:

The gods, by me, your Love and Virtue try:

For both will suffer, if you let him dye.

Alib. I never can believe you will proceed

To such a black and execrable deed.

Odm. I only threaten'd you; but could not prove

So much a fool, to murder what I love:

But in his Death, I some advantage see:

Worse than it is, I'm sure it cannot be.

If you consent, you with that gentle breath

Preserve his Life: if not, behold his Death.

[*Holds his Sword to his Breast.*]

Alib. What shall I do?

Guy. ——— What are your thoughts at this

About a ransom to preserve my Life?

Though to save yours, I did my interest give,

Think not when you were his, I meant to live.

Alib. O let him be preserv'd by any way:

But name not the foul price which I must pay.

[*To Odmar.*]

Odm. You would and would not, I'll no longer stay.

[*Offers again to kill him.*]

Alib. I yield, I yield, but yet e're I am ill,

An innocent desire I would fulfil;

With *Guyomar* I one chaste Kiss would leave,

The first and last he ever can receive.

Odm. Have what you ask: that Minute you agree

To my desires, your Husband shall be free.

[*They unbind her, she goes to her Husband.*]

Guy.

Guy. No *Alibech*, we never must imbrace:
Your guilty kindness why do you misplace;
'Tis meant to him, he is your private choice:
I was made yours, but by the publick voice:
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,
That your ill act is for my life's defence.

*He turns
from her.*

Alib. Since there remains no other means to try,
Think I am false, I cannot see you dye.

Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too
Is more, perhaps, then I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my jealousy.
But cannot perfect it, unless both dye:
For since both cannot live, who stays behind
Must be thought fearful, or, what's worse, unkind.

Alib. I never could propose that Death you chuse;
But am like you, too jealous to refuse.

[Embracing him.]

Together dying, we together show
That both did pay that faith, which both did owe.

Odm. It then remains, I act my own design:
Have you your Wills, but I will first have mine.
Assist me Soldiers——

[They go to bind her, she cries out.]

Enter Vasquez, two Spaniards.

Vasq. Hold, *Odm.* hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.

Odm. You ill return the kindness I have shown.

Vasq. Indian, I say desist.

Odm.—— Spaniard, be gone.

Vasq. This Lady I did for my self design:
Dare you attempt her Honour, who is mine?

Odm. You're much mistaken; this is she whom I
Did with my Father's loss, and Countrey's buy:
She whom your promise did to me convey,
When all things else were made your common prey.

Vasq. That promise made, excepted one for me;
One whom I still reserv'd, and this is she.

Odm. This is not she, you cannot be so base.

Vasq. I love too deeply to mistake the Face :
The vanquish'd must receive the Victors Laws.

Odm. If I am vanquish'd, I my self am cause.

Vasq. Then thank yourself for what you undergo.

Odm. Thus Lawless Might does Justice overthrow.

Vasq. Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.

Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traitors shame.

But to your General, I'll my right refer.

Vasq. He never will protect a Ravisher :
His generous Heart will soon decide our strife ;
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.

It rests, we two our claim in combat try,
And that with this fair Prize, the Victor fly.

Odm. Make haste,
I cannot suffer to be long perplex :
Conquest is my first wish, and Death my next.

[They Fight, the Spaniards and Indians fight.]

Alib. The gods the Wicked by themselves o'rethrow :
All Fight against us now, and for us too ! *[Unbinds her Husband.]*

*[The two Spaniards, and three Indians kill each other, Vasquez
kills Odmar, Guyomar runs to his Brothers Sword.]*

Vasq. Now you are mine, my greatest Foe is slain, *[To Alibech:]*

Guy. A greater still to vanquish does remain.

Vasq. Another yet !
The wounds I make but sow new Enemies :
Which from their Bloud, like Earth-born Brethren rise.

Guy. Spaniard take breath : some respite I'll afford,
My Cause is more advantage than your Sword.

Vasq. Thou art so brave——could it with Honour be,
I'd seek thy Friendship more than Victory.

Guy. Friendship with him whose hand did *Odmar* kill !
Base as he was, he was my Brother still :

And since his Bloud has wash'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.

*[They Fight a little and breathe, Alibech takes up a
Sword and comes on.]*

Alib. My weakness may help something in the strife.

Guy.

Guy. Kill not my Honour to preserve my Life: [Staying her.
Rather than by thy aid I'll Conquest gain,
Without defence I poorly will be slain!

[She goes back, they fight again, Vasquez falls.

Guy. Now *Spaniard*, beg thy life, and thou shalt live.

Vasq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canst not give:
My breath goes out, and I am now no more;
Yet her I lov'd, in death I will adore. [Dyes.

Guy. Come, *Alibech*, let us from hence remove:
This is a night of Horror, not of Love.
From every part I hear a dreadful noise:
The vanquish'd, Crying, and the Victor's Joys.
I'll to my Father's aid, and Countreys flye;
And succor both, or in their ruine dye. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Prison.

Montezuma, Indian High Priest *banned*, *Pizarro*, *Spaniards with
Swords drawn*, a *Christian Priest*.

Piz. Thou hast not yet discover'd all thy store.

Mont. I neither can nor will discover more:

The gods will punish you, if they be just;

The gods will plague your Sacrilegious Lust.

Chr. Pr. Mark how this impious Heathen justifies
His own false gods, and our true God denies;

How wickedly he has refus'd his wealth,

And hid his Gold, from Christian hands, by stealth:

Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.

Ind. High Pr. Can Heaven be Author of such cruelty?

Piz. Since neither threats nor kindness will prevail,

We must by other means your minds assail;

Fasten the Engines; stretch 'em at their length,

And pull the straightned Cords with all your strength.

[They fasten them to the Rack, and then pull them.

Mont. The gods, who made me once a King, shall know,
I still am worthy to continue so:

Though now the subject of your Tyranny,
 I'll plague you worse than you can punish me,
 Know, I have Gold, which you shall never find,
 No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my mind.

Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.

Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

Ind. High Pr. When will you end your barbarous cruelty?
 I beg not to escape, I beg to dye.

Mont. Shame on thy Priesthood that such Pray'rs can bring:
 Is it not brave to suffer with thy King?

When Monarchs suffer, gods themselves bear parts:

Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art:

I charge thee dare not groan, nor shew one signe,

Thou at thy Torments dost the least repine.

Ind. High Pr. You took an Oath when you receiv'd your Crown,
 The Heavens should pour their usual Blessings down;

The Sun should shine, the Earth its Fruits produce,

And nought be wanting to your Subjects use:

Yet we with Famine were oppress'd, and now

Must to the yoke of cruel Masters bow.

Mont. If those above, who made the World, could be
 Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me?

Chr. Pr. Those pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now, are light,
 Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,

Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,

Which Death begins, and Time can never cure,

Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whensoever I dye,

The Sun my Father bears my Soul on high:

He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,

He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:

I in the Eastern parts, and rising Sky,

You in Heaven's downfal, and the West must lye.

Chr. Pr. Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance misled,

Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead:

Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal rest.

Ind. High Pr. Dye in your own: for our Belief is best.

Mont. In seeking happiness you both agree,

But in the search, the paths so different be,

That all Religions with each other Fight,
While only one can lead us in the right.
But till that one hath some more certain mark,
Poor humane kind must wander in the dark;
And suffer pains eternally below,
For that, which here, we cannot come to know.

Chr. Pr. That which we worship, and which you believe,
From Natures common hand we both receive:
All under various Names, Adore and Love
One Power Immense, which ever rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Virtue to pursue,
Is both believ'd, and taught by us and you:
But here our worship takes another way.

Mont. Where both agree, 'tis there most safe to stay:
For what's more vain than publick light to shun
And set up Tapers while we see the Sun?

Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we should adore,
By Heavenly Beams we still discover more.

Mont. Or this must be enough, or to Mankind,
One equal way to bliss is not design'd.
For though some more may know, and some know less,
Yet all must know enough for happiness.

Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you still pretend
To stay, your journey never will have end.

Mont. Howe're 'tis better in the midst to stay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.

Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our faith avow,

Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now;
To prove Religion true——

If either Wit or Suff'rings would suffice,
All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise:
And yet ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
In age defend what infancy obey'd.

Ch. Pr. Since age by erring Childhood is misled,
Refer your self to our unerring Head.

Mont. Man and not erre! what reason can you give?

Chr. Pr. Renounce that carnal Reason, and Believe!

Mont. The light of Nature should I thus betray?
 'Twere to wink hard that I might see the day.

Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
 I'll make your Reason judge what way to go.

Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
 Who have but one short step of life to make.

Piz. Increase their Pains, the Cords are yet too slack.

Chr. Pr. I must by force convert him on the Rack.

Ind. High Pr. I faint away, and find I can no more:

Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy store,

And free my self from pains I cannot bear.

Mont. Think'st thou I lye on Beds of Roses here,

Or in a wanton Bath stretch'd at my ease?

Dye Slave, and, with thee, dye such thoughts as these.

[High Priest turns aside, and dyes.

Enter Cortez attended by Spaniards, he speaks entering.

Cort. On pain of death kill none but those who fight;
 I much repent me of this bloody night:

Slaughter grows Murder when it goes too far,

And makes a Massacre what was a War:

Sheath all your Weapons, and in silence move,

'Tis sacred here, to Beauty and to Love.

Ha!

[Sees Montezuma.

Cort. What dismal sight is this, which takes from me

All the delight that waits on Victory!

[Runs to take him off the Rack.

Make haste: how now, Religion do you frown?

Haste holy Avarice, and help him down.

Ah Father, Father, what do I endure

[Embracing Montezuma.

To see these wounds my pity cannot cure!

Mont. Am I so low, that you should pity bring,

And give an Infants Comfort to a King?

Ask these if I have once unmanly groan'd;

Or ought have done deserving to be moan'd.

Cort. Did I not charge thou shouldst not stir from hence?

But Martial Law shall punish thy offence

And you,

To Pi-
 zarro.

[To the Chr. Priest.

Who

Who saucily, teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloysters sway:
Set up by Kings as humble aids of power
You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.

Chr. Pr. — Come, let's away,
We but provoke his fury by our stay.

Cort. If this go free, farewell that Discipline
Which did in *Spanish* Camps severely shine:
Accursed Gold, 'tis thou hast caus'd these crimes!
Thou turn'st our Steel against thy parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the price of Bloud thou here art bought.

[*Exeunt Priest and Pizarro*]

[*Cortez kneels by Montezuma and weeps.*]

Cort. Can you forget those Crimes they did commit?

Mont. I'll do what for my dignity is fit.

Rise, Sir, I'm satisfy'd the fault was theirs:
Trust me you make me weep to see your Tears:
Must I chear you?

Cort. Ah Heavens!

Mont. — You'r much too blame;
Your grief is cruel, for it shews my shame,
Does my lost Crown to my remembrance bring:
But weep you, and I'll be still a King.
You have forgot that I your death design'd,
To satisfy the proud *Almeria's* mind:
You, who preserv'd my life, I doom'd to dye.

Cort. Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat still maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their ground regains:
But once encourag'd by our Generals fight,
We boldly should renew the doubtful fight.

Cort. Remove not hence, you shall not long attend: } To *Montezuma*.
I'll aid my Soldiers, yet preserve my Friend,

Mont. Excellent Man!

[*Exit Cortez, &c.*]

But

But I, by living, poorly take the way
To injure Goodness, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruine and Death run arm'd through every street;
And yet that Fate I seek, I cannot meet:
What Guards Misfortunes are and Misery!
Death that strikes all, yet seems afraid of me.

Mont. *Almeria's here: oh turn away your Face!*
Must you be witness too of my disgrace?

Alm. I am not that *Almeria*, whom you knew,
But want that pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conqu'ror, alas, has vanquish'd me,
But he refuses his own Victory:
While all are Captives in your conquer'd State,
I find a wretched freedom in his hate.

Mont. Couldst thou thy love on one who scorn'd thee, lose?
He saw not with my Eyes who could refuse:
Him who could prove so much unkind to thee,
I ne'r will suffer to be kind to me.

Alm. I am content in death to share your Fate;
And dye for him I love, with him I hate.

Mont. What shall I do in this perplexing freight!
My tortur'd Limbs refuse to bear my weight;
I cannot go to Death to set me free: *Endeavouring*
Death must be kind, and come himself to me. *to walk, not be-*
ing able.

Alm. I've thought upon't: I have affairs below, [*Alm. Musing.*
Which I must needs dispatch before I go:

Sir, I have found a place, where you may be, [*To Him.*
(Though not preserv'd) yet like a King dye free:

The General left your Daughter in the Tower,
We may awhile resist the Spaniards power,
If *Guyomar* prevail,

Mont. Make haste and call,
She'll hear your Voice, and answer from the Wall.

Alm. My voice she knows and fears, but use your own,
And to gain entrance, feign you are alone.

Mont. *Cydaria.*

Almeria steps
behind.

Alm.

Alm. ——— Louder.

Mont. ——— Daughter!

Alm. ——— Louder yet.

Mont. Thou canst not sure, thy Father's voice forget.

[He knocks at the door, as last Cydaria looks over the Balcony.]

Cyd. Since my Love went, I have been frightened so,
With dismal Groans and Noises from below:
I durst not send my Eyes abroad, for fear
Of seeing dangers, which I yet but hear.

Mont. *Cydaria!*

Cyd. ——— Sure 'tis my Father calls.

Mont. ——— Dear Child make haste;
All hope of succor, but from thee is past:
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Seacome rolling from afar,
The Land grow short, he mends his weary pace,
While Death behind him covers all the place:
So I by swift misfortunes am pursu'd
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

Cyd. Are you alone?

Mont. ——— I am.

Cyd. ——— I'll streight descend;
Heaven did you here for both our safeties send.

[Cydaria descends and opens the door, Almeria rushes betwixt with Montezuma.]

Cyd. *Almeria* here! then I am lost again. *[Both thrust.]*

Alm. Yield to my strength, you struggle but in vain:
Make haste and shut, our Enemies appear.

[Cortez and Spaniards appear at the other end.]

Cyd. Then do you enter, and let me stay here.

[As she speaks, Almeria over-powers her, Thrusts her in, and shuts.]

Cort. Sure I both heard her voice and saw her face,
She's like a Vision vanish'd from the place.

K

Too

Too late I find, my absence was too long;
My hope, grow sickly, and my fears grow strong.

[He knocks a little, then Montezuma, Cydaria,

Almeria appear above.]

Alm. Look up, look up, and see if you can know
Those whom in vain you think to find below.

Cyd. Look up and see Cydaria's lost estate;

Mont. And cast one look on Montezuma's Fate;

Cort. Speak not such dismal words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me when Cydaria's there.

Despair not, Sir, who knows but conquering Spain
May part of what you lost restore again?

Mont. No Spaniard, know, he who to Empire born,
Lives to be less, deserves the Victor's scorn:

Kings and their Crowns have but one destiny:
Power is their life, when that expires, they dye.

Cyd. What dreadful words are these!

Mont. ——— Name Life no more;

'Tis now a Torture worse than all I bore:

I'll not be brib'd to suffer Life, but dye.

In spite of your mistaken clemency.

I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;

The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:

But I'm a King while this is in my hand, — [His Sword.]

He wants no Subjects who can Death Command:

You should have ty'd him up, & have conquer'd me,

But he's still mine, and thus he sets me free. [Stabs himself.]

Cyd. Oh my dear Father!

Cort. ——— Haste, break open the door.

Alm. When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.

[The Soldiers break open first the door, and go in.]

We shall have time enough to take our way,

E're any can our fatal journey stay.

Mont. Already mine is past: O powers Divine

Take my last thanks; no longer I repine:

I might have liv'd my own mishaps to mourn,

While some would pity me, but more would scorn!

For Pity only on fresh Objects stays:

But with the tedious sight of woes decays:

Still

Still less and less my boiling Spirits flow;
And I grow stiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almira* —

Cyd. — He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me defenceless here alone.

Alm. You shall not long be so: prepare to dye,
That you may bear your Father company.

Cyd. Oh name not death to me, you fright me so,
That with the fear I shall prevent the blow:
I know your Mercy's more, than to destroy
A thing so young, so innocent as I.

Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel thirst of Blood,
Ah barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,
Too mild for thee: there's pity in that name,
But thou hast lost thy pity with thy Shame;

Alm. Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'll revenge my smart.

Cort. Oh stay your hand! and to redeem my fault,
I'll speak the kindest words —

That Tongue e're utter'd, or that Heart e're thought.
Dear — Lovely — Sweet —

Alm. This but offends me more,
You act your kindness on *Cydaria's* score.

Cyd. For his dear sake, let me my life receive.

Alm. Fool for his sake alone you must not live:
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'll make sure, he ne'r shall be for thee.

Cyd. But what's my Crime?

Alm. — 'Tis loving where I love.

Cyd. Your own example does my act approve.

Alm. 'Tis such a fault I never can forgive.

Cyd. How can I mend, unless you let me live?

I yet am tender, young, and full of fear,
And dare not dye, but fain would tarry here.

Cort. If Blood you seek, I will my own resign:

Q spare her Life, and in exchange, take mine.

Alm. The Love you shew, but hastes her death the more.

Cort. I'll run, and help to force the inner door.

[*Is going in haste.*]

Alm. Stay, *Spaniard*, stay, depart not from my Eyes:
That moment that I lose your sight, she dyes.
To look on you I'll grant a short Reprieve.

Cort. O make your gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go, and yet how dare I stay!
Her I would save, I murder, either way.

Cyd. Can you be so hard-hearted to destroy,
My ripening hopes that are so near to joy?
I just approach to all I would possess:
Death only stands twixt me and happiness.

Alm. Your Father with his life has lost his Throne:
Your Countreys Freedom and Renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death; you must obey.

Cyd. Do you dye first; and shew me then the way:

Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were lost.

Cyd. Then rise again, and fright me with your Ghost.

Alm. I will not trust to that, since Death I chuse,
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuse:
If Death's a pain, it is not less to me;

And it 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.

But hark! the noise increases from behind,

They're near, and may prevent what I design'd:

Take, there a Rival's gift. —

[*Stabs her.*]

Cort. Perdition seize thee for so black a deed.

Alm. Blame not an act which did from Love proceed:
I'll thus revenge thee with this fatal blow;
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blond on thee flow.

[*Stabs her self.*]

Cyd. Stay life, and keep within the chearful light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much night.
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy part,
And keeps me warm by lingering in my heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy claim remove;
How dear it costs to conquer in my Love.

Now strike; that thought I hope, will arm my Brest:

Alm. Ah with what differing passions am I prest!

Cyd.

Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks less dreadful as he comes more near.

Alm. O Rival, I have lost the power to kill;
Strength has forsook my Arm, and Rage my Will:
I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown:
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy weakness shall not boast the Victory,
Now thou shalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee:
Soldiers assist me down.

[*Exeunt from above, led by Soldiers, and enter,
both led by Cortez,*

Cort. Is there no danger then?

[*To Cydaria,*

Cyd. ——— You need not fear
My wound, I cannot dye when you are near.

Cort. You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give:
And I could dye for you, if you might live.

[*To Almeria,*

Alm. Enough, I dye content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

[*Cydaria starts back,*

You need not fear my rage a second time:
I'll bathe your Wounds in Tears for my offence:
That hand which made it, makes this recompence.

[*Ready to joyn their hands,*

I would have joyn'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too soon, possess him when I dye.

Cort. She faints, O softly set her down.

Alm. ——— 'Tis past!

In thy lov'd Bosom, let me breathe my last.
Here in this one short moment that I live,
I have whate'r the longest Life could give,

[*Dyes,*

Cort. Farewel, thou generous Maid: ev'n a Victory
Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee:
Many I dare not shed, lest you believe
I joy in you less then for her I grieve.

[*To Cydaria,*

Cyd. But are you sure she's dead?
I must embrace you fast, before I know
Whether my Life be yet secure or no:

Some other hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can they no sorrow now?

Enter Guyomar and Alibech, with soldiers.

Cort. Prince Guyomar in bonds! O Friendship's shame!
It makes me blush to own a Victors name.

[Unbinds him, Cydaria, Alibech]
Cyd. See Alibech, Almeria lies there;
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

[Alibech kneels and kisses her dead Sister.]
Cort. Live, and enjoy more than your Conqueror:
Take all my Love, and share in all my Power. *To Guyomar.*

Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forsake
Those gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Countrey fought, and would again
Had I yet left a Countrey to maintain:
But since the gods decreed it otherwise,
I never will on its dear Ruines rise.

Alib. Of all your goodness leaves to our dispose,
Our liberty's the only gift we choose;
Absence alone can make our sorrows less;
And not to see what we can ne'r redress.

Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,
Where Rocks lye cover'd with Eternal Snow,
Thin Herbage in the Plains, and fruitless Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields;
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No Spaniards will that Colony destroy;
We to our selves will all our wishes grant,
And nothing coveting, can nothing want.

Cort. First, your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide;
That done, in Peace your generous Exiles guide,
While I loud thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly blest, with Conquest and with Love.

[Exit Cort.]

FINIS

EPILOGUE.

BY A

Mercury.

TO all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phoebus sends me greeting:
To all his Sons by what e're Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-house, or Town;
From his most mighty Sons, whose confidence
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble sence,
Evn to his little Infants of the Time
Who write new Songs, and trust in Tune and Rhyme.
Be't known that Phoebus (being daily griev'd
To see good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)
Ordains your judgement upon every cause,
Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws.
He first thinks fit no Sonnettier advance
His censure farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit Burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all Doggerel Rhyme:
All proves, and moves, and Loves, and Honours too;
All that appears high sence, and scarce is low.
As for the Coffee-wits he says not much,
Their proper bus'ness is to damn the Dutch:
For the great Dons of Wit——
Phoebus gives them full priviledge alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own:
Last, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's Will,
They should have power to save, but not to kill:
For Love and He long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty Reign by Wit.

EPICURÆ

BY

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